

FOLLIES OF THE PASSING SHOW—By Hanlon

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It Can't Be Done

HEARD AND SEEN : A Column FOR and FROM Everybody : By BILL PRICE

THE DAYS OF PA AND MA.

Vaguely hinting that they may go to the Fiji Islands to look for wives if modern girls don't cut out the powder puff, rouge pot, lip stick, trowsers and half hose, a dozen cadets of Pennsylvania Military College have constituted themselves a jury to investigate the girl problem and consider possibilities of reform. They say it all constitutes too much waste motion, leaving girls no time for "looking and other emphatic needs of the domicile." They sigh for the return of the old-fashioned girl of the "good old days of pa and ma."

Instead of it being "taps" for the modern girl it may be a "reville," calling the girls to arms.

JOE CONKLIN.

A gallant old general from Dallas laid siege to the heart of Miss Alice. She shell-shocked him some when she wed a non-com.

Who out-generated the general through malice.

BABE RUTH.

That was a sweet old lady who imagined that the sea was dirty because so many people bathed in it, but was greatly consoled on being informed that it washed upon the beach every morning.

RELLIM.

OUTGOING JACOB OF OLD.

Jacob waited fourteen years for Rachel, but an Iowa man has waited forty-five years for the girl he loves, and they are to marry. By her father's wishes she spent most of her life as a missionary in India. During the forty-five years the faithful lover made many trips to India to see her, always returning to his Iowa farm to resume his patient waiting. The father is dead and the lady is returning home to marry her childhood sweetheart.

I venture to say that the present generation of girls would not wait that long for any man.

C.

AS IT IS SPOKEN.

"The preacher preached" and "the teacher taught." Are phrases in euphony. But the teacher "preached," and the preacher "taught."

Would be cataphony. H. SMITH.

WITCHERY.

Cut of the purple drizzle. From the shadow sea of night. As sides of mist a moth uplifts its weary wings of white.

Is it a dream or ghost? Of a dream that comes to me. Here in the twilight on the coast. Blue-clintured by the sea?

Fashioned of foam and froth—And the dream is ended soon. For lo, whence came the moon-white moth? Comes now the moth-white moon.

RICHARD FORD.

PHILOSOPHY.

"Woman was made from one of man's ribs; not from his head to rule over him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon by him, but from under his arm to be protected by him, and from near his heart, to be loved by him."

BILLY.

THE SPENDTHRIFT ROAD.

"This is on me." "One more of the same." "Lend me five." "Change this." "Here, boy." "Where do we go from here?" "Let's have another round." "You can go home any time." "I can't be bothered with small change." "The sky's the limit." "I'm paying for this." "Don't be a piker." "It's all in a lifetime." "More where this came from."

THE THRIFT ROAD.

"What is the price of this?" "One will do." "The walk will do me good." "No, thank you." "I can't afford that." "I'll carry this." "I promised my wife." "I need the money." "Let me pay my share." "I can get along without this." "I'll get it as I need it." "It's all worth seeing." "A penny is as good in my pocket."

H. N. L.

RASTUS—Hear Annabelle done got a divorce. What's de trouble?

RUFUS—Infidelity. RASTUS—Great day! I neber knowed dat guy was a infidel!

BENNIE FICIAL.

Harding, Hughes, Hays, Hoover, holding office. Some H of an administration.

FAG.

THE BEST THINGS.

The best theology—A pure and beneficent life. The best science—Extracting sunshine from a gloomy day. The best law—The golden rule. The best education—Self-knowledge. The best statesmanship—Self-government. The best medicine—Cheerfulness and temperance. The best engineering—Building a bridge of faith over the river of death.

WIDOW.

Anybody want to buy a little goat? I've got one to sellum. He's no guttin, he's no goat. I'm right here to tellum. He's that awful Office Goat. Always hungry as a shark.

THIMBLEHEAD.

Dear little Tommy is a curly-headed lad. He's not very good and he's not very bad. He's just a plain all-around boy. He's no sissy, but he's mother's joy.

PEGGY.

THE FIST OF FATE.

The cruel, relentless hand of fate is often clenched into a fist to strike some egotistic fool. And all his plans in ruins twist.

F. J. SCHWAB.

Without exaggeration I make this declaration. This column is the best I've ever seen. It teaches us a lot, is what I mean. This small communication is my appreciation.

Of your column, which I read every night. So I'll sign my appreciation, yours in co-operation.

DAVE COHEN.

A contrib to the column that is right!

DAVE COHEN.

Moose—Rastus, did yo' son git any medals during de war?

Rastus—He was de most meddlesome boy in de whole regiment.

HEN AND CHIC.

DID IKE DO IT?

George Washington's father owned an old negro named Ike. When young George cut the cherry tree, the old neg got asked who did it, and young George said, "Father, I cannot tell a lie; IKE did it." The old man was somewhat deaf and understood his hopeful to say, "I did it," with the result that George escaped a lashing and gained a reputation for veracity.

W. A. K.

SOME TRUTH; LITTLE POETRY.

A green little boy, in a green little way. A little green apple devoured one day. And little green grasses now tenderly wave O'er the little green apple boy's green little grave.

W. R. H.

THE ROOKIE SEAMAN.

"Zeke" was on watch on a merchant liner. He was told to scan the sea carefully and report to the man man on the bridge. "Aye, aye, sir. I think a drug store's approaching!" "Zeke, you're dreaming," said the man on the bridge. "No, for yerself, sir. It's goter green light on one side and red light on the other."

JULES BACKENHEIMER.

JUST ABOUT RIGHT.

Matrimony has its saints and its martyrs; its victims of both sexes, but, take it by and large, there are undoubtedly more women than men who deliberately and consciously try to make marriage a success and do their duty in the holy state.

EAMON O. S.

"MURDER."

Yes, the hour it was midnight. And the night was full of gloom. While two night-covered figures were sliding thru the room. "He is dead," the first one murmured. "You're a dandy," said the second. "I am glad you hit to kill."

"Was a fine night for a murder," said the first, "and no police. Now I've killed the last mosquito. Maybe we can sleep in peace."

SHORTT.

A Los Angeles firm advertised:

"We furnish full instructions for making home brew. All materials supplied." Next door an enterprising firm of undertakers has this sign: "We do the rest."

P. NUT.

There was a youth who loved a maid.

His name was Alexander. He wanted her to marry him. As down Life's Road you go: For a kindly word and a cheery smile Will shorten the way for many a mile For some poor fellow who's moving slow Stop a minute and say "hello!"

LEONA MAC.

SAY "HELLO!"

Stop a minute and say "hello!" As down Life's Road you go: For a kindly word and a cheery smile Will shorten the way for many a mile For some poor fellow who's moving slow Stop a minute and say "hello!"

WILL B. SCHOTT.

Mandy—has yo'll got "Dare Kiss" face powder?

Druggist—Yessum! Special today. 60c. What shade? Mandy—Ah wants "flesh" color, sah!

Druggist—Whose flesh? JULES BACKENHEIMER.

THE DRAMA.

He held her hand and she held hisen. And then they went to huggin and kisseen. They didn't know that Pa had risen. And stood behind them just a sixsen. Out went somebody just a whisen!

THE EARLE.

A stove salesman is Walker.

His job he wouldn't change; For he is a grate talker. And he has a wide range.

PEGGY BEE.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

I'm glad that nobody is bothering much about the effort to establish daylight saving here. It works hardship on too many people so that a few can have pleasures. In New York it last year caused, and is still causing, great confusion. The majority of people here do not want it.

LEONA.

Heard and Seen is but a little thing.

Dropped in the heart's deep well. The joys and smiles it doth bring. Only thousands of readers can tell.

JOHN E. G.

FLOWER ANAGRAMS.

You'll find the names of ten well-known flowers in these anagrams: 1. Untie Pa. 2. Me in a rug. 3. One lucky she. 4. In a grade. 5. A wee pest. 6. Love it. 7. Fears. 8. One name. 9. List name. 10. Get me no tin.

It's true that there's lots of illiteracy in this country, but every woman knows how to READ THE RIOT ACT!

EAMON O. S.

A kiss, a sigh, and a sad good-bye.

And she is gone. A curl, a whirl, another girl. And so the world goes on.

PEGGY BEE.

SEND IN HIS NAME.

There was a man of Adam's race. Who had a certain dwelling place. He had a house well covered o'er. Nor on the earth where mortals dwell. It was not built by human art. Nor brick nor lime in any part. Nor wood, nor rock, nor nails, nor kiln. But curiously was wrought within. 'Twas not in heaven, nor yet in hell. Nor on the earth where mortals dwell. Now if you know this man of fame. Tell where he lived and what his name.

W. A. K.

AS THINGS GO NOW.

"What are you going to make of your son Charley?" I asked. "Well," replied Charley's father, "I made a doctor of Bob, a lawyer of Ralph, and a minister of Bert; and Joe is a literary man. I think I'll want one of them to have a little money."

PEGGY BEE.

We ought to begin planting fig tree groves as we move steadily toward fig leaf fashion.

OIDCNO.

THE TWO BILLS.

Billy and Billy make a good team. Billy uses his jaw and Bill his Bean. Billy takes the roses, leaves Billy the thorns. Billy looks for wings, but Billy sports horns. Said Billy to Billy at Bowie one day: "Let us get busy and gather some hay." Billy hooked up with a can of timed heat. Short is my story today, helping to make homes of others happy and aiding in doing good.

Let's it about time the mean jokes about mothers-in-law are canned?

H. S. T.

THE BEST MOTHER-IN-LAW.

One man in all the United States expressed his appreciation of his mother-in-law after her death. A tombstone in an Ohio cemetery bears this: "Here lies the best mother-in-law God ever made."

And in all the literature of the world there is only one tribute to a mother-in-law. When Naomi and Ruth were about to part, Naomi refused to leave her mother-in-law, saying, "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." There is nothing prettier in the Bible. And yet there have been millions of fine mothers-in-law, and they exist everywhere today, helping to make homes of others happy and aiding in doing good.

THE QUEEN BEE.

My wife is like the honey bee. But while I gather honey. SHE cajoles me with honey words. And stings me for my money.

I. M. E.

AN ACROSTIC.

Here's to the column I choose. Evaporates troubles and blues; A lively good wit. Radiates about it. A moping all mournful wails!

So here's to the column I'm for.

Is raising new fads by the score. Every fan is for Bill, he's true blue. Need any nut say any more?

DAVE COHEN.

Cityman—How's your garden coming, Suburbs?

Suburbs—My peach trees are all dead, but one of my fence posts is budding.

WAY DOWN BASE.

ALICE IN PLUNDERLAND

SHE STROLLS DOWN ON HARLUCK BEACH WHERE HER FRIEND SAM HAS A JOB AS THE UNIVERSAL LIFE SAVER. SAM IS A GOOD SCOUT BUT HE IS BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THAT THE BATHERS ARE A LOT OF FAKERS WHO WANT TO GET HOLD OF HIS LIFE PRESERVER AND SELL IT. IN THE MEANTIME THE SEA WAS MAKING A LOW MOANING NOISE. SUDDENLY A WILD SHRIEK WAS— TO BE CONTINUED.

